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THE GIPSEY DAUGHTER,

Or, THE KING AND THE SORCERESS.

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Advertising Agent for VANITY FAIR.

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There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column.

THE ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL. For all engaged in Building and Mechanical operations.
Illustrations of practical details every week. Sample copy sent for 5 cents. $2 a-year. Publisher, A. HARTHILL, 128 Fulton-st., N. Y. To be had of all News Agents.

VOL. 1. NO. 11.

VANITY FAIR

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

FRANK J. THOMPSON, Publisher,
No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Various newspapers throughout the Union continually copy articles from VANITY FAIR without credit. The publisher of that periodical begs to state, that as the contents of VANITY FAIR are strictly original, and paid for at liberal prices, professional courtesy would demand from its contemporaries an acknowledgement of the source from which such extracts are derived.

VANITY FAIR

Is furnished to Clubs at the following rates — Five Copies, to one address, $13 00; Ten Copies, $25 00; Twenty Copies, $40 00. An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

*** VANITY FAIR is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

Address, FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street, New-York.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon (N. J.) Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

VANITY FAIR

WILL BE ISSUED REGULARLY ON WEDNESDAY OF EVERY WEEK,

and will be for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New-York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single copy.

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FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.

Designing and Engraving.

The Proprietor of VANITY FAIR would inform the Public at large that he has, attached to his establishment, an office for the execution of

DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING,

IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,

and that he is prepared, at all times, to get up anything in the shape of an engraving, from

A MAMMOTH COLORED POSTER

TO A

BOOK VIGNETTE.

FRANK J. THOMPSON,

113 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.

PFAFF'S!

AT PFAFF'S RESTAURANT

AND

LAGER BIER SALOON,

NO. 647 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

YOU WILL FIND

The Best Viands.

The Best Lager Bier.

The Best Coffee and Tea.

The Best Wines and Liquors.

The Best Havana Cigars.

The Best Company

In fine,

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

AT

MODERATE PRICES.

N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S VANITY FAIR, "The Saturday Press," and all the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

THE GOLDEN TOILET FISH,

OR

THE LADIES' JEWEL.

AA

NEW

A Toilet

NEW Discov-

THING ery; Soft

FRENCH TALLOW

FRENCH TALLOW, for

Beautifying the hair, hair.

For beautifying the hair.

Yes, for beautify- OH! Try it!

ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,

Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set

ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT

FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW!

MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!

Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness. And

also at the same time a Stiffness. As you

dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.

MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!

TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

It is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A perfect

Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. A per-

fect Gem. For Ladies' and Children's use.

428 BROADWAY. (Depot.) 428 BBOADWAY.

The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the Beauty,

Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of

the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. Try it.

Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. A

New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French Tallow.

SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEPOT, 428

BROADWAY, NEAR CANAL STREET, NEW-YORK.

It should be in every Family. It should be in every

Family. It is the best preparation for the Hair

FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR

FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR

FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR

Try it. Try it, Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it

and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.

Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the Hair soft,

Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and position the

whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. A NEW

It should be in every Family. Elegant. DISCO

Beautiful. It should be in every Family. VER

It should be in every Family. Delightful. Y!

The best preparation in the world. Try it. y

For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.

It is the best preparation in the world

A NEW For the Hair. For the hair.

DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.

VER For the Hair. For the Hair.

Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.

y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.

FRENCH TALLOW!!

FOR THE HAIR!

FOR THE HAIR!

FOR THE HAIR!

Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLÆ,

Depot, 428 Broadway,

Near Canal-street, N. Y.

Retail price, 50 cents a box.

For sale by first-class houses,

Everywhere! Everywhere!

Beautiful. Beautiful.

Elegant. Elegant.

Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 428 Broadway,
A few doors above Canal-street.

"Hear the Tribune Speak."

The Age Progresses.

TO THE ENAMORED—Love Verses and Epistolary Correspondence, suited to amatory occasions, furnished on short notice. Portraits sent for personal descriptions faithfully returned. Strict confidence and inviolable secrecy maintained.—*Herald.*

We suppose the advertiser will soon announce that he "is ready, at all times to furnish the amount of affection to be bestowed upon any person of the opposite sex." And that, "if his male customers feel too bashful to place themselves under the matrimonial yoke, he will gladly offer himself as the substitute, at moderate prices."

The Lion and the Bear.

A speaker at the late shoemakers' meeting at Lynn strongly advocated the strike, and says it must be carried through with "lion hearts." From present appearances we judge that the strikers will not only have to be Lion-hearted, but Bear-footed also.

Artless Joke.

Clark Mills' Statue of Washington.

JONATHAN TO STEPHEN.

Waäll, Steve, haöw's bizniss, aöut yeöur way?—
A-fluctooatin' more or less?
They say *your* trade is ruther brisk:
Mighty onsartin though, I guess.

Fact is, the public's mighty queer,
It favors enterprisin' chaps;
W'at sot it so ag'in yeöu, Steve?
It's took a prejudice, perhaps.

You're all-fired smaärt, that's plain enough;
But so'thin's wantin'—I do'no—
A sort o' modesty, I guess,
Or else your principles won't go.

'S'pect you've abaöut forgot me, Steve;
Likely I wa'n't no great accäount;—
D'ye recollect the deestric' school
We went to, once-t, up in Varmaöunt?

We sot together 'baöut a year,
And larned a thing or two, I *think*;—
Remember them two pooty gals,
Eüphemy Tubbs an' Almy Spink?

Yeöu hed a takin' way, ye know;
Ye got along fust-rate with *one*;
I mean Eüpheme, the light-haired gal,—
Ye might 'a' hed her, sure's a gun.

O, yeöu remember well enough!
Ye know ye kind o' waänted her!
Ef *I*'d 'a' be'n in your place, Steve,
I'd a stuck to 'Phemy like a burr.

Ye would n't hev ketched *me* playin' smaärt,
An' foolin' 'raoun' that Almy Spink;
No sech peart, braöwn-complectid thing
Could fetch *me* over with a wink.

Eüpheme, ye know, she up 'n' vaöwed
Ye shouldn't fool with *her* no more;
'N'ye did n't, nuther, did ye, Steve?—
Yeöu woozent eq'al to the chore.

Then Almy, bein spunky teöo,
Jest up'n' said, "The hull 'r none!"
But yeöu *would* heng araöun' Eüpheme,
An' so she dropped ye like a stun.

They say Time fetches things araöun'
In sort o' circles. Naöw jes' look:
I swow ef yeöu aint ketched *ag'in*,
On pooty nigh the same old hook!

This time it's sothin's serious;
It ain't exactly idle sportin':
You've sp'ilt yer only airthly chance
By foolish Presidential courtin'.

I'm lately ruther apt to guess
Old Bullion's language wa'n't all saöund;
You recollect he told ye, once-t,
"Your coat-tails hung teöo nigh the graöund!"

I s'pose he meant, Your pattern's small,
Consid'rin' what ye want to deö;
An' argyin' from w'at I've laärnt
Most common folks think jes' so, teöo.

Ye've damaged everything ye've tetched;
On every p'int ye've hed yer say;
Ye've bayed the moon of Treüth, quite smaärt:
But naöw, poor dog, ye've hed yer day.

Of Course.

At the last meeting of the Sanitary Association, somebody asked what business-pursuit was, according to statistical evidence, most conducive to the health. We are happy to be able to answer that the statistics of the Inspecting and Guaging business show that the weighers always weigh a great deal more during a busy season than in a dull one.

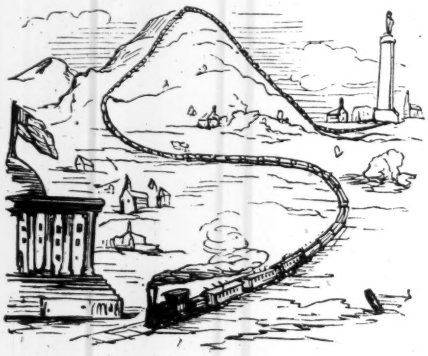
"A Long and Successful Reign."

The Deluge.

The Gallant Seventh go to Washington.

1. The Gallant Seventh receive the invitation to assist at the Inauguration of the Horse and Washington Statue in the Capitol. The Gallant Seventh accept "that same."

2. The Locomotive kicks up, and they are detained at Havre de Grace. The magically-provided dinner for 1000



3. The train from Baltimore to Washington.

4. Great reception of the Gallant Seventh at Washington.

THE SKY-ROCKET CHEER.

(Respectfully Dedicated, without any permission whatever, to the Seventh Regiment.)

Air—*Bow, wow, wow.*

I.

The Seventh Regiment went on,
As we have heard it stated,
To see the Horse and Washington
Duly inaugurated:
And when they came to Baltimore.
They all got ripe and mellow,
And each and every soldier swore
He was a jolly fellow
With his ch-h-h.! boom! ah!
Fol-de-rol de riddle-diddle, ch-h-h! boom!! ah!!!

II.

The City Guard turned out in force
To meet our Seventh's boys, sir;
They had a goodly time, of course,
And made a goodly noise, sir;
They did the thing for men to do
With heart, and hand, and pocket,
And taught the Seventh something new—
That cheer—the great Sky-rocket,
With its ch-h-h! boom! ah!
Fol-de-rol de riddle-diddle, ch-h-h! boom!! ah!!!

III.

What though the gallant guests were sold
At the Inauguration—
What though the day was wet and cold,
And stupid the oration;
What though their lot was rather hard
(All through that blamed Committee),
They'll ne'er forget the noble Guard
Of the Monumental City,
Nor their ch-h-h! boom! ah!
Fol-de-rol de riddle-diddle, ch-h-h! boom!! ah!!!

IV.

If e'er the City Guard should come,
Our Seventh's boys, who know them,
With thrilling fife and pealing drum
Shall welcome them to Gotham.
O, may we live to see the day,
Nor lose our sense of hearing,
For we may very safely say
'T will be immensely Cheering,
With the ch-h-h! boom! ah!
Fol-de rol de riddle-diddle, ch-h-h!! boom!!! ah!!!!

Political Theatre in Pennsylvania.

The "People's Party," in Pennsylvania, have nominated a Mr. Andrew G. Curtain for Governor. We presume they have hoisted this curtain with a view to cast opposition in the shade. Mrs. Caudle will be in demand for the campaign, curtain-lectures being, of course, the style of stump-oratory needed. We trust, for the sake of the "People's Party," that their curtain will not prove a "drop."

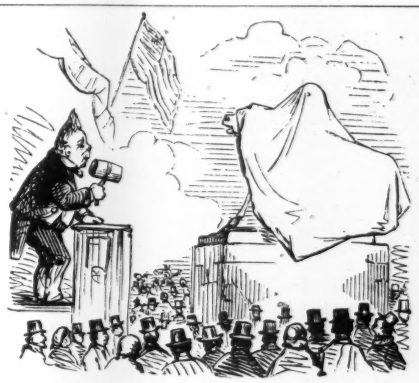
Con.

Why is not Guinea ruled by a single king?
Because no Sovereign is equal to a Guinea.

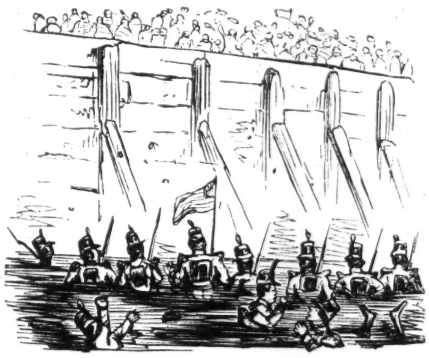
Meteorological Phenomenon in the U. S. Senate Chamber.

Hale, on Works of Art.

5. The imposing Parade of the Gallant Seventh to the Site of the Statue.



6. Grand Dedication of the Statue by His Excellency, James Buchanan. "How much is bid?"



7. The Horse and Washington Statue as seen by the Gallant Seventh.

8. Sumptuous Banquet on board the Jersey City Ferry-boat.

9. Music by the Band—"There is no place like Home."

10. "Fireworks" by the Regiment.

HEXAMETERS FOR THE HERALD.

We do not know why it is that illustrated comic and satirical publications should be so invariably unlucky and short-lived amongst us. We have seen scores of them started in our time, which have all flickered out one after the other. One of them, published in this city, which had dragged out an unusually protracted existence of a few years, is either dead or on the point of expiring. Another, which was started a couple of months since with some promise of vitality, is already giving evidence of coma. Its first few numbers were smart and telling, but in its later issues the fun is dying out, and the satire is pointless. The descent from champagne to small beer has, in fact, become so marked that people have lost all taste for it. There is nothing so dreary as forced humor, more especially in a publication devoted to satirical commentaries on the events of the day. To be enjoyable, wit, thus employed, should be natural in effect, and just in its application. Without these conditions it is simply a bore.—*New-York Herald*, March 3d.

J. G. B.

How could you go for to ruin our fair and flourishing enterprise?
How could you brutally slaughter our innocent comical suckling?
We who had only just opened our eyes upon popular favor—
We who had only just tasted the lacteal fluid of kindness—
How could you go for to bury us, and ruin our prospects in this way?
Did you consider the awful and terrible responsibility?
O! most noble, magnanimous, generous, yacht-loving Scotchman!
Eater of oatmeal! Newspaper Norval! Friend of Argyle the ducal!
Did you reflect, when you ordered your scullion in print to abuse us,
What would become of the wretched and penniless corps of contributors?
Ruined we are for ever. The wild ass roams in our office;
Grass grows over our windows; the ink is thick in our inkstand;
Palsied the hand that once dashed off the humorous article:
Seedy the coats, unshaven the beards, and wretched the general feeling
Of that magnificent body of men who write each week for this paper.
Our artist haggard and wan, (he who was sleek and comely;
He who fed upon terrapin, succulent, juicy, and luscious)
Seeks the abode of Sweeny, and dines off equivocal beef-steak,
And has no dime wherewith to buy the matutinal cocktail:
And all because you have smashed us. Said that we were not funny,
Said in your own peculiar, pellucid style of expression,
That VANITY FAIR was not comic, whatever it might have been formerly;
That VANITY FAIR was dying, and gone was our huge circulation,
O you man of the HERALD! O you Bluebeard ferocious!
Who keep a closet where hang the heads of refractory editors,
Spite of your awful anathemas—spite of your fierce editorial,
We ain't dead yet, by no means! as once said the orator Daniel.

PHRASING OF SENTENCES

HAT the sentences of Judge Ingraham of the Court of Oyer and Terminer are more just than the remarks with which he accompanies them are judicious, is very seriously to be hoped. These certainly, as they re-appear in the daily papers, are not calculated to inspire the profoundest reverence. The other day, in the case of a man who had pleaded guilty of manslaughter in the first degree, the judge gave forth his somewhat startling opinion that "there was no reason to look upon this lightly." We should say not, on the whole. The judge proceeded to back up his opinion with a very proper sentence of imprisonment for nineteen and a half years. Shortly after, arose the case of a boy seventeen years old, who also pleaded guilty of manslaughter. Judge Ingraham gravely declared that this person "was guilty of a heinous offense for one so young" —meaning, of course, that had he been older, it would not, perhaps, have been of much account anyway. "*But*," the judge added, as if by way of extenuation, "the majority of similar crimes that had come before him this term were committed by young men." Moreover, the judge "could not help but pity the aged father of the prisoner, who would probably have passed from this world before the expiration of the prisoner's punishment." And so, in consequence of the circumstances in the case,—the youth of the condemned, and so forth,—the term of imprisonment was shortened to twelve years and six months. The natural deduction is that the aged father is expected to hold over for this reasonable amount of time, which is thus reduced partly on his account, and partly because the majority of crimes committed this term have been the work of young men. Altogether an odd piece of judicial confusion.

EFFECT OF THE MILEAGE REFORM BILL.

If the bill, reducing the "perquisites" of Mileage, to the actual travelling expenses of the Members and their families, should become a law, we think we see its laughable side. Every Honorable Gentleman will, of course, keep a memorandum-book in which to jot down the disbursements *en route*, and we fancy the files of the Treasury Department exhibiting to an admiring posterity such documents as the following :—

U. S.—To Hon. WINDHAM GASBAG, of Mo., Dr.

To Railway and Steamboat fare (via. N. Y.) to Washington	$150 00
" Hotel Bills	250 00
" Segars and Wine for self and eldest son	100 00
" Candies and toys for three youngest children	25 03
" Toilets, and other necessaries, wife and three daughters	1000 00
" Opera, theatre, etc.,	50 00
" Incidental refreshments	50 00
" Other trifles too numerous to mention—say	500 000
Total	$2125 03

Approved.

From Utah we shall have something like this :—

U. S.—To Hon. FREELOVE TURKE, of S. L. City, Dr.

To Fare, from S. L. C. to Washington, self and 33 wives	$ 500 00
" Hotel Bills	600 00
" Outfit of ladies	2000 00
" Fees of 4 private police to keep order in the family	250 00
" Little gifts to prevent jealousies	1000 00
" Private "bender" in N. Y.	500 00
" Carriage hire (1 carriage, and extra police) in N. Y. to see the lions,	75 00
" Incidentals, segars, wines, cheroots for ladies, etc.—say	1500 25
Total	$5875 25

Approved.

The Jewel of Consistency.

Mr. Ashmore (Dem.) of South Carolina, addressed the House of Representatives, last week, on the Slavery question. The following are two extracts from his speech :—

I indulge in no menace. Too much of that has been heard on both sides.

* * * * * * *

If this course of insult and oppression is pursued, I will return to my constituents myself to sound the alarm, and kindle with my own hands the beacon-fires on hill-tops, and maintain the rights of the South with flaming dagger and blazing torch. My cry shall be "To Arms ?"

Consistency is said to be a jewel. Mr. Ashmore, we wish you would Spout your jewels.

Here and There.

The world has long labored under a belief that it is not possible to be in two places at the same time. This plausible theory has been triumphantly upset by Mr. Dan Rice, the great American humorist. At his Show in Philadelphia the Zoyara was the attraction of last week. It appeared every evening to the delight of crowds. So it did in New-York. Is omnipresence another of the mysterious gifts of this daring creature? Or is it only Mr. Dan Rice who is the daring creature?

A Pity about the Union,

"The rupture of this Union will fatally follow the assassination of Brown."—*V. Hugo's Letter to the citizens of the Haytian Republic.*

The Real "Political Capital."

Washington, D. C.

"GREASY MECHANICS."

MISS JINKS.—Good gracious! Jane, just see what a monster Mr. Dudley is talking to!

JANE.—Yes, dear, he is a proof of how work will degenerate a man—if such a creature can be called a man.

"DEAD GAME."

"Comic publications abroad never expend their arrows on *dead game*, nor endeavor to resuscitate events which have lost their interest."—*N. Y. Herald, March 3d. page 6, 6th column, 10th line.*

MUSCULAR MORALITY.

The members of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Brooklyn, long celebrated for their feats of moral and theological gymnastics, are about to indulge in a more tangible and fleshly kind of exercise. They are establishing a gymnasium, in which to improve their idle hours and their muscles at the same time. It is announced that, "Healthful exercise for leisure hours, moral associations and christian and manly development are the objects aimed at by the Institution."

A christian and manly development must be a very good thing to have about one's person. Without doubt, the Christian Young Men of Brooklyn will soon become as pious in body as in mind. Only think of the beauties of a godly skeleton and regenerated sinews! Think how gratifying it must be, to possess a beatific *biceps*, a virtuous *vastus*, or a serious *scapula!* These "are the objects aimed at by the Institution."

We hope that it will not be considered out of place for us to offer a few suggestions for the arrangement of the exercises, etc., by which this spiritualization of the flesh will be accomplished.

The temperance tendencies of the Y. M. C. A., will, of course, preclude the use of parallel or any other Bars, in the gymnasium. It may also be doubtful whether or no it would be proper for its members to Learn the Ropes. As "fighting the good fight," however, is a christian duty, sparring will necessarily be one of the exercises, but it should be conducted on strict moral grounds, and the most virtuous boys, only, should be allowed to vanquish their antagonists. An occasional public sparring-exhibition (proceeds to be given to the Heathen) would be an excellent idea, and might be made a great instructive moral lesson, by the introduction of some unsanctified pugilist, not a member of Plymouth church, who, of course, should be terribly whipped by one of the holy-muscled Christian Young Men.

The gymnasium should be ornamented with inscriptions and texts, "neat and appropriate" as a benefit-night speech. For instance. over the sparring-room and race-ground might be painted :—

The race is for the swift, and the battle for the strong.

Up at the ceiling, where the ladders and climbing-posts terminate, it would be suitable to put an encouraging word, such as :—

Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted.

The dumb-bells, which are to give a christian development to the brachial flexors and extensors of Pious Young Brooklyn, might be inscribed :—

Sursum Dumb-bells.

Summersaults in the pulpit are by no means uncommon, but they are generally rather clumsy, and we imagine that this new gymnastic excitement will effect an agreeable change in that way. We mst certainly attend the first public exhibition of the Young Men's Christian Arena. It will be like a new edition of Jacob's dream, to see the young angels going up and down the ladders, and we may expect to see some great religious movements in very lofty circles, when the swings, slings, etc., are operated.

In conclusion, this enterprise has our warmest well-wishes, and we advise the Y. M. C's to go on with it, until they can safely trust themselves to wrestle with Satan, or anybody else, and can show such a truly christian development of arm, trunk and leg, as to realize the literal meaning of the phrase "human form Divine."

NICE MEN MILLINERS.

AIR: *Nice Young Bachelors.*

I.

Here's a pretty set of us, nice Men Milliners;
Here's a pretty set of us, nice Men Milliners;
Here's a pretty set of us,
Smiles the ladies get of us,
In return make pets of us,
Nice Men Milliners.

II.

Lovely whiskers we have got, we Men Milliners;
Lovely whiskers we have got, we Men Milliners;
Lovely whiskers we have got,
Oil'd and brush'd with care, and what
Sweet moustaches we do sport,
We Men Milliners.

III.

Gorgeous trowsers we all sport, we Men Milliners;
Gorgeous trowsers we all sport, we Men Milliners;
Gorgeous trowsers we all sport,
Attention of the girls to court,
Whilst before them we disport,
As Men Milliners.

IV.

But we are a foppish set, we Men Milliners;
But we are a foppish set, we Men Milliners;
But we are a foppish set,
Every dollar we can get,
Spent by us on clothes is, yet
We're but Men Milliners.

V.

They say we are a useless set, we Men Milliners;
They say we are a useless set, we Men Milliners;
They say we are a useless set,
And our employers soon might get
Girls to do our work and let
Slide Men Milliners.

VI.

Very little brains we've got, we Men Milliners;
Very little brains we've got, we Men Milliners;
Very little brains we've got,
Nor of manliness one jot,
So we're contented with our lot,
As Men Milliners.

"Walker."!

"The Grey-eyed man of destiny," we are told by the Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail*, is a firm believer in the success of Douglas, before the Charleston Convention.

Actional.

With what instrument does the South propose to sever the bonds of National Union?

The Acts of John Brown

How Heenan and Sayers make their Money.

Hand over fist.

We have known cats who were "sans reproche," but never one who was "sans Purr."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF THE DICTIONARIES.

HE affair between the Cambridge Pet and the New Haven Nestor, so long looked for in the circles of Philological Fancy, commenced several weeks ago, is still proceeding and will probably proceed until it stops. Both men are still as fresh as the lucid and rose-ate morning, but their bottle-holders are bleeding freely, while a similar process is going on outside the ring, the gentlemen of the editorial profession being the only winners. An effort to draw the fight was made, by parties not at all interested, after the 99th round, when Mr. Merryman, on the part of the Nestor, proposed in writing to the Brewer, who was paying attention to the Pet, to take the men from the ring. But instead of writing plainly "ring" Mr. Merryman desirous of using only slap-up expressions, employed the word "Theat-ER." An indignant reply from the Brewer followed. He could have nothing to do with a sneaking cove who spelt Theat-RE with a low vulgar ER. The men who had been amusing themselves by spelling-matches in their respective corners during the negotiations, immediately came to time in excellent style, amidst much cheering from the representatives of the press, who alone seemed to have an interest in the matter. The men walked up both smiling like fresh editions, until the Pet sarcastically said, "Get the Best," which irritated the Nester to retort, "Get the Best," thus clearly coming Second Best out of the chaffing. The mill now became a very merry one, it being clear that everything depended on the wind of the parties, which, at that time, they seemed to have no difficulty in raising. We subjoin the following rounds, being desirous of dealing strictly on the square with both noble Corinthians :

ONE HUNDRETH ROUND.

Both men came up like tip-top sawyers and after a good deal of sparring which the Fancy outside irreverently alluded to as "gammon," the Pet attempted to bother the Nestor by a few cuts, he, however, coming in soon after with a large supply of the same sort. The proverb "A Word and a Blow," here received a new illustration for the Nestor exclaiming in rather a sour tone "Siderography," planted his bunch of five syllabics on the dust-hole of the Pet. (The bottle-holder of the Pet here desired to read to the spectators the Articles of the Fight covering twenty-eight hundred closely written foolscap pages, but was met by the cries of "O Gas!" "Dry Up!" "We haven't brought our night-caps!" The MSS was then presented to our reporter, and the same will be useful, some cold morning, to our fire-maker, who hereby returns his sincere thanks.) The 100th Round terminated with a good deal of countering, and money changed hands freely on the result. At last the Pet brought the Nestor to grass by a rattling delivery on his knowledge box, producing a singing there perfectly audible to the company and resembling, as phronographically reported for us, the following—*Accipites et sseres columbacan seres.*

ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST ROUND.

Both advanced in prime order, the seconds having freely resorted to spunging. Each buffer exhibited fine specimens (on his mug) of engraving. Wild sparring, the Nestor however, for an awkward Spell, appearing to have it all his own way. At this time, however, the Nestor losing his temper remarked that the Pet was a thief and no gentleman. This brought the round to a close, the Pet observing that he'd be (no matter what) if he fought any more. Both parties retired to their corners, and most of the outsiders went to sleep.

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND ROUND.

Both came to time rather groggy, and seemed more inclined to gabble than to go to work. The Nestor having called the Pet a "Quaker," was told that he did not know the difference between a Quaker and an Armenian. More patter ensued, which waked up the outsiders, who called upon the men to stop their parley-vooing and proceed to business. Instead of following this sensible advice, they commenced a lively interchange of long language, each charging the other with an assortment of polysyllabic crimes and petty larcenies. They were still at it, when our reporter feeling both dry and disgusted, abandoned his post to seek his pillow.

REMARKS.

When our Reporter left things were a good deal mixed up. There were twenty-one distinct and independent fights going on outside the ring, and several clergymen more or less obscure, had been carried wounded from the field. Money placed in our hands as stake-holders, we have concluded to retain until we feel justified in paying it over, which will not be until we have read through all the testimony, *i. e.* both the Bests.

"'TWAS EVER THUS."

That consistent sheet, the *N. Y. Herald*, in its issue of Saturday last, contained biographical sketches of "the several aspirants for the Chief Magistracy" beginning with Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, and ending with Gen. Wool, of New-York. The *Herald* pretends that its catalogue is complete, but we do not see how this can be since the name of the Hon. James Buchanan is omitted. Does the *Herald*, which was never known to swerve from a stand once taken, remember how it put its foot down in favor of J. B. in its issue of the 2nd of February? Let us remind the *Herald* :—

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan, then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

Does the Noble Scotch Gentleman think that in putting his foot down he put his foot in it on this occasion? And is he "going back on" his friend, J. B. Oh! fie! Noble Scotch Gentleman!

Needles(s) Suggestion.

Monsieur Chauret, of the French Academy, has discovered a new and painless cure for Cataract, by "topical applications," whatever those are. We suppose he will advertise it in the old form, "Warranted not to Cut in the Eye!"

WHY is a schoolmistress like a first-class soprano singer?

Because she is a Primer Donna.

THE SENATORIAL TAPSTER.

CUSTOMER.—I NOTICE YOU DRAW YOUR ALE VERY MILD NOW, WILLIAM.

LANDLORD SEWARD.—YES, THIS IS A NEW TAP, SOME I BREWED MYSELF LAST WEDNESDAY; MY CUSTOMERS THOUGHT THE ROCHESTER ALE WAS RATHER TOO STRONG.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

An Eastern Romaunt.

BY HANS OSCANYAN BEN KHALED.

I.

It was the Sultan's sister,
Abbassa, void of shame,
Who fell in love with Giaffer,
A youth not new to fame,
And ugly as Don Estaban
De Santa—what's-his-name?

II.

They went to the Volks Garten,
In Bagdad, hand in hand;
They drank the festive apple-jack,
Just brought from Samarcand,
And chewed the fragrant minaret,
(A custom in that land;)
Now when the Sultan heard of this,
He said: "May I be—fanned

III.

With leopard tails until I die,
If I can understand
Why Abby, on this Balmy-side,
Has grown so very sweet;
But, by the great, gigantic Boot
That hangs in Chatham-street,
I'll marry 'em in such a way
As will be hard to beat!"

IV.

And then he ordered Ab. and Giaf.
Into his *Khave* (that's tent,)
And questioned them, and badgered them,
And asked them what they meant,
And then, at length, that they might wed,
The Sultan gave consent:

V.

But it was on conditions,
Very hard indeed—
That they shouldn't have their little sleep
As married folks must need,
(Especially as Giaffer paid
For Abby's clothes and feed.)

VI.

But they agreed to try it on
In this Platonic way:
They sent for whirling Dervishes
From Brooklyn to Cathay,
To sanctify and bridle them
About the first of May.

VII.

And so these two were married in
The middle of the year:
O, the music of the yhataghans
Was very sweet to hear,
And they had lots of pretsel-cakes,
And chops, and lager bier!

VIII.

And all the air was sick with scents,
As sick as it could be,
With the odors of the bulbul-flowers,
And the heavy hashhesh-tree:
And the happy pair were married
Directly after tea.

IX.

Then from the luckless lover's side
Abbassa she was led,
And four and twenty Marmalades
Conducted her to bed:
And Giaffer swore that that arrange-
Ment wasn't worth a red:
"It isn't a good thing to do,"
Was all that Abby said.

X.

And from that day the twain were watched:
If Abby went to ride
In Pa's coupé, a hideous slave
Was seated at her side,—
A chap as blacked his ugly teeth
And tatooéd his hide.

XI.

And wheresoever Giaffer went,
A Thug went follow-ing,
A silken bow-string in his hand,
A nasty sort of thing:
But Giaffer didn't let the fel-
Low got him on a string!

XII.

O cruel was that naughty Shaz,
Who didn't mind their sighs;
He couldn't quite prevent them, though,
From talking with their eyes;
And so they made a little plan,
More natural than wise.

XIII.

They slyly dropped into the cup
The Sultan used to use
A junk of indigo to give
That luckless man the blues,*
With an Eastern drug call'd penny-royal
To make his highness snooze.

XIV.

And in a green-house in the court
They had a jolly feast,
No end of pumpkin pies, and things
Peculiar to the East:
And how the time flew by, the dears
Were'nt thinking in the least.—

XV.

When just as Giaffer rose to sing
A sweet Bohemian air,
("Old Hundred,") and was steadying
Himself against a chair,
He heard some one outside the tent
Let off a fluent swear—
"Who's there!"
And in the Sultan rushed, and took
The tenor by the hair.

XVI.

And down and down the culprit went,
His body in a curve;
Then the Sultan drew his mandolin,
And, with a sudden swerve,
He stuck the Vizier, severing
The left sciatic nerve!

XVII.

And as Abbassa couldn't stand
And see her lover slain,
Right down upon the ground she flopped
With all her might and main,
Fainted away—so far away
She ne'er came back again!

XVIII.

And in the Bosphorus they threw
These lovers; and from out
The heart of each there sprung, in time,
A pretty silver trout:
Had they been buried on the land,
I've not the slightest doubt
But a thistle and a brier-rose
Would have been seen to sprout!

Query for E. M.

Will Leap Year give us a Forward Spring?

A Jockey's Breakfast.

Sweep Stakes.

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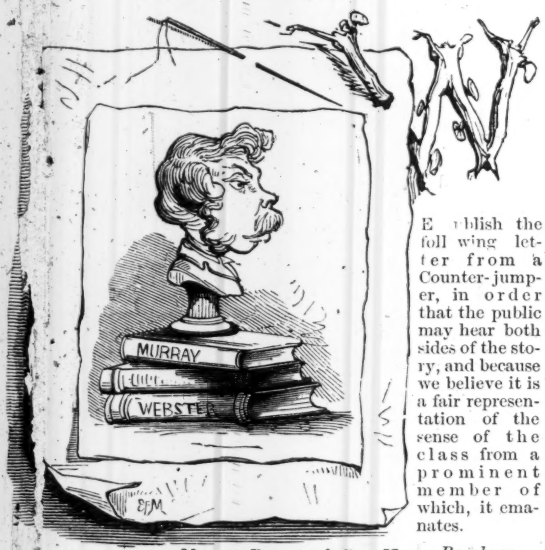
* This drink must have produced what Mr. Keats calls "an Azure-lidded sleep."

A COUNTER HIT.



E[illegible]blish the follwing letter from a Counter-jumper, in order that the public may hear both sides of the story, and because we believe it is a fair representation of the sense of the class from a prominent member of which, it emanates.

MUSLIN, DELAINE & CO., *No.* — *Broadway.*

EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.—*Gents:*—I don't know what you mean by the skurrillous maner in which you have for sum time passed atte[illegible]ed my profession. but I should judge you were mean enuf for any thing, wen you can publish such remarks in your low paper which I suppose you think is funey, but not one of my feller sail[illegible]en who room with me. have ever seen any thing to laugh at in it and I know a joke when I see it as Mrs Dividend of Madison Squ[illegible]knose because the other day when I was showing her some Bob[illegible]t, a lovely thing which I sold Mrs Mc Rel a patern she said is th[illegible]reel bobinet and I looking at her my way, which I am noted for, replyed, yes mum but if you should wear it it would be a net dividant, at which she smiled and went out. but to the pint. where will you find a nicer looking set of young men than you will see in our establishment there are none politer and as for good looks and teath I am sure no litterairy man can compare with us, while as for close none but well dressed and distangay looking clerks is taken in at as for me I have not been able to pay my bord for sum time rather than not to apere genteel which I am sure is a sacrifice for my profession which no scribbler would make. You talk about abandoning my profession and all of us doing sum thing else and giving up our situations to women, that jest shoes how much riters for low newspapers knoes jest as if if women were clerks the ladys would go a shoppin as they do now. I know that such a course would ruin the retale business and that would be the end of the story for our respectabul employers knows jest as well as I that it's our good looks that does the business with the women as a case in point I would jest state that I was once so misfortunate as to be engaged in a store were all the other clerks was not handsum and the lady customers would not look at any goods that I didn't show and though of course I felt complomented I could not stand it and at last I had to insist one saturday nite that they should get some more good looking men and divide the work or else I should hev to resine which I did where I am now ask Mrs Talow or Mrs Sope or any of our best custumers who they would rather deal with and without shuffeling—I told you I could make jokes they would say me which is proof of the truth of what I say that good looks and figer together with nice hair and soft hands and manner genteel which is my pairomount qualifications is what the ladys like and the comerce of this *grate Republic* depends on it. You'd better turn your pen and pictures and smartness against some other class of society such as poets and those nasty looking bad dressed people who call themselves artists where they're nothing but painters and literary men who are all alike I want to know if it aint better to sell dry goods than the public by making 'em believe you are smart when you aint, as for branes I'v got as much as you and if I do use the sissors I dont do it to steel the branes of other people and pass em off for my owne. Yours Respect.

BUNCE BROWNING.

A "Roman Punch."

The Pope's last letter to Louis Napoleon.

AGES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The Boston *Transcript*, that great authority in literary matters, has been favoring the world with the ages of several American literary notabilities. Some people, and the ladies especially, may regard this sort of thing in the light of impertinence, but we can not help it if they do; it is the legitimate duty of journalists to furnish their readers with the little tit-bits which their appetites crave. It is not customary, we believe, to consult the wishes of our Aldermen, our Congressmen, or our burglars and pick-pockets in reporting their speeches and performances. Why, then, should literary ladies be exempt from having their ages published in the daily papers? Echo answers—Sure enough! The *Transcript* having made a few blunders and several omissions, we have fortified ourselves with divers facts on this highly interesting subject, which we proceed to lay before our expectant readers:—

Fanny Fern is in her 19th year; Mrs. Sigourney is 28; Alice Cary is 17, her sister Phebe is 16; Mr. Henry C. Carey is of the same age as Adam Smith; Madam Botta (Anne C. Lynch) is 21; Mary Clavers (Mrs. Kirkland) is 23; Edward Buntline is 76; Sylvanus Cobb, Junior is 87; Grace Greenwood is 18; R. H. Stoddard and T. B. Aldrich, will be 21 on the 4th of July next; Charles A. Dana is 65; Rev. Geo. Ripley is 78; James Gordon Bennett is 91) supposed to be a trifle older); General Geo. P. Morris is 85; Mrs. Southworth will be 24 in April; Henry J. Raymond is 69 (little but old) Richard Grant White will be 57 on Shakspeare's birth day (bien conservé); the author of Leaves of Grass is 81 (his youthful appearance may be attributed to vegetable diet); the age of the author of "Leaves from Nature" is uncertain, supposed to be still in his teens; Mr. Fitz James O'Brien is 51 (but looks older); Henry Clapp, Jr. is 101; Parke Godwin and Parke Benjamin are both in their 7[illegible]st year; Doctor Dixon is a good deal too old to write as he does in the *Scalpel*; Charles F. Briggs baffles all enquiry, but is at least [illegible]; Henry T. Tuckerman pretends to be not more than 62, but, as he remembers Washington, and often speaks of Doctor Franklin and Joel Barlow, he must be past 82.

We do not give these facts on the strength of rumor, and therefore they may be relied upon; but if we have mis-stated the exact age of any literary lady or gentleman we shall be most happy to correct the mistake on the receipt of refuting vouchers.

The Country for Babies.

Lapland.

"WHAT IS IT?"

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Critic.

WHEN this monster is tamed it becomes of great service to man. The fierceness of its nature can be so subdued by gentle treatment that it may be led by an oyster supper. First however, it is caught by a preparation somewhat similar to bird-lime, and called soft-soap, which may easily be carried in the pocket, or, indeed, at the tongue's end. Once it falls into this snare it may be approached with perfect impunity, and soft caresses, bestowed with no indications of fear, will reduce it to a state of most beautiful docility, in which it may be taught many pleasing tricks, and will let anything be done with it.

There is now in this country a wonderful critic-tamer, whose ingenuity, coolness, and courage have made him a terror to the tribe, and earned him the title of the "Little Napoleon." One of the largest and most savage Critics in the infected region, from whose den, at the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, no living thing, once having entered, had been known to come forth alive, was completely mastered by this daring man, and, after patient training, subjugated to his own will in the minutest particulars. He is now so gentle and tractable that he obeys the slightest Order from the box-office, and exhibits his fondness for his master by almost daily displays in the columns of the *Herald*. He has even become a pet with the children, and follows Little Patti, the youngest of the family, all over the country.

The "Little Napoleon" has been equally successful with many other terrible specimens, that has hitherto resisted all attempts at taming. His exploits seem almost foolhardy, and if their truth were not constantly attested by the press would be deemed simply fabulous. Instances are recorded in which, with no other weapon than a small piece of paper, known as a cheque, he invaded the lairs of the dreaded creatures, and instantly reduced them to such abject submission that he was enabled to place his foot on their heads! Others are related in which, by merely flourishing a common advertisement, or playfully extending a few pasteboard tickets, inscribed with certain characters of which he has the alphabet, the sternest Critics crouched at his feet.

Three Critics, who were raised in the jungles of France, once made a desperate attempt to free themselves from his toils, but it was so vain and ridiculous that even their old companion, now the Royal Pet, could not refrain from smiling at them, in his own broad way.

The enormous strength of the Critic is well known. It is said that the Little Napoleon's Pet has, by a simple exercise of his natural powers, carried several seasons through! Its extreme height is also a valuable consideration, as by this means it is able to foresee coming danger, as well as to detect faults which would escape the lowly eye.

When untamed, the ferocity of the Critic knows no bounds. It roams hideously over the fields of Art and Literature, trampling down all struggling things that do not do it instant homage; snapping up young ambitions, dawning talents, the results of weeks of laborious preparation, and devouring them all with a greedy and insatiable maw; filling the air, at the same time, with a most discordant din. Sometimes it turns upon its own mate, and tears it to pieces!

The Critic, we observe, has been confounded by vulgar and illiterate minds with the Cricket. It belongs to a totally different genus, and bears not the least resemblance to that cheerful and domestic insect.

A SURE PREVENTIVE.

When a mother puts a stick into the hands of her wilful child, and, pointing to the window, says, "Now, Tommy, you *can* smash a light, but you *must'nt*," of course, it isn't time to send for a glazier. When medicines of a certain class are advertised as *sure* to do so-and-so if taken at a certain time, of course people of a certain class take warning and do not buy them. When Mayor Wood addresses the members of the "Cartmen's Protective Association," and, after raising their self-esteem by fulsome praise, and informing them they are not appreciated, and are very inadequately paid; tells them how powerful they would be in the event of their striking together, and how easily they could manage matters to suit themselves, but says he hopes they won't do it, of course they will never think of such a thing again. Do you think the pure-minded, high-principled Wood would have used the following language, had he not been certain of its sinking into the minds of his hearers and doing them good? Of course not:—

> The cartmen of this city form a numerous as well as an important class. They are indeed indispensable. Without them we could not conduct trade, nor the common transactions and affairs of city life. Imagine the city suddenly deprived of carts and modes of conveyance. Suppose you, gentlemen, should suddenly take it into your heads, (which, by-the-way, for your own sakes, I hope you never will) to strike for prices and refuse to work, the loss and detriment to all interests would be incalculable. * * * * But it is undoubtedly true that while you hold so high a place among the industrial classes, you are not permitted the same opportunities with other less essential interests to accumulate property. * * * * The established rates restrict him to a small aggregate income. He cannot lay aside anything for a rainy day, etc. * * * The rates of cartage are the same as they were when all articles of food and clothing were half what they now are," etc. But it is not my purpose to discuss topics of this character. Your own interests are, no doubt, better understood by yourselves, and will be cared for in the proper manner, and at the right time."

How lofty, wise, and generous is this advice! How well calculated to soothe and mollify the unruly passions of the excitable cartmen! Had the shoemakers of Lynn been addressed by some good patriot like Wood, there would clearly have been no trouble in that quarter. But we prize him too much to think of sparing him.

A LITTLE STRANGE.

MR. HARRIS "WAS NEVER SO SOBER IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF HIS LIFE," BUT WHEN HIS FRIEND JONES ASKED HIM TO TAKE A CHAIR, HE SAID HE WOULD "WAIT TILL ONE CAME 'ROUND."

THE UNPROTECTED MALE.

CHAP. Y.—Why, Gus, ain't you going to the party to-night?

Gus.—No, ah, I guess not. You see there's no trusting ones self among the women now it's Leap Year.

The Cue for Every Billiard Player.

1. E[n]ter the Saloon, as it were, inadvertently. A careless, somewhat weary manner impresses the markers. Survey the scene, through the smoke of your cigar, with a calm and grave deliberation, that forbids suspicion of a frivolous purpose.

2. A protracted debate upon the relative strength of your own and your adversary's game is demanded by every consideration of time and place. End it by "playing even."

3. W[h]istle. Begin low. Gradually get high. Express surprise by a prolonged and fierce note. For the ordinary progress of the game, select a very popular tune. The more familiar the better. T[h]e shows a graceful deference to the tastes of the other players. One air has thus been known to do for all the tables. But whistle.

4. If you miss a simple carom, indignantly devote yourself to chalk, or lost in amazement, gaze vacantly at the meeting of the wall and ceiling.

5. Sw[e]ar, "Well you'll be ——," at every point. Let the oaths be the appingest. "Luck" will stand any amount of cursing. Never forget this, and pile it on the leather, the balls, the cushions, and your own stupidity.

6. Me[n]tion "Mike," in the subdued tone of sacred friendship. Mention him often.

7. Sh[o]ot a shot or two you saw Mike make.

8. Ha[n]d an account.

9. Cal[l] it "no account."

A Breakfast for Louis Napoleon.

FRENCH viands please the Emperor's taste no more,
He goes abroad in search of something *Nice*;
And finds the dainty on Sardinia's shore,
Which he is fain to swallow in a trice.
Sardinia's King the morsel bids him take,
And offers, if His Majesty will risk it,
A sumptuous breakfast for this guest to make—
And treat him nobly to a "Savoy Biscuit."

Pyrotehnicael Remedy for a Crying Nuisance.

Rocket.

CHEAP BENEVOLENCE.

Dear V. F.:—I have a few words to say to you. May I say them? Thank you. I always knew you were a good fellow. Well then, you must have noticed, of late, that whenever any great disaster takes place, which appeals to the charity of the public, the falling of the Pemberton Mills for instance, acknowledgements to the following effect appear in the Daily journals: "The editor of the New York Daily *Cockchafer* acknowledges the receipt of three dollars and fifty cents from Mr. Snooks, Superintendent of the Newsboys Lodging house, which sum has been contributed by the boys of that institution towards the relief of the sufferers in the late catastrophe at Pemberton Mills." Now charity is a divine and noble thing, and it looks charming in print to see these poor ragged newsboys contributing their mite to the distressed and crippled. But I would rather, I confess, see the relief coming from some source that was better able to afford it. Heaven forbid that the generous impulses of those boys were ever checked, but I cannot help asking myself whether or no the subscription movement was spontaneous with themselves. I fear not. The boys are very poor, and you, Cræsus that you are, rolling in fifty dollar gold pieces, can scarcely conceive how large a cent looks to ragged Dick, who sells you your VANITY FAIR. The little fellow can't afford to be benevolent. That's the truth of the matter. There are plenty of people in the city to give all the alms that are needed. I had rather that you, plethoric proprietor, gave that three dollars and a half, and that Dick had his three cents in his ragged pocket. I don't wish to be uncharitable, but I notice that the only one who receives credit for this charity-giving, is the benevolent superintendent, Snooks. That amiable man's name is paraded in the journals, and innocent old ladies bless the dear creature, but I see no mention of little ragged Dick. His individuality is lost in the "boys" of the paragraph.

I remember well, when at Doctor Birch's school, how that worthy pedagogue played off a similar dodge. We boys were all of us well supplied with pocket-money by our parents, but inexpensive as our pleasures were, we somehow never were flush. The benevolent Birch was continually relieving distressed humanity with our money. Crippled veterans, and distressed widows blessed the name of Birch, who doled out with such magnificence, money that was not his own. Our credit in the affair consisted of a paragraph in the local paper to the effect that the boys of Doctor Birch's school had contributed, etc. The result is obvious. Mr. Jones sees many such paragraphs. "Bless my soul!" he cries, "what an amiable man this Doctor Birch must be! I shall certainly send Harry to his academy." Old Mr. Griggs, who has a nephew with the charitable Birch, is extatic over his virtues, and sends him a thanksgiving turkey; and so the academy flourishes, and the little boys subscribe as they are told to do, and Birch is a philanthropist.

Now, V. F., you see what I want to get at. I don't like to see poor boys, who have only the *minimum* of means, drilled into charities that, from their insignificance, are useless to those for whose relief they are intended, and which, small as they are, are of considerable object to the boys from whom they are extracted. There! You can say I'm unamiable, if you like, but I'm not, I'm only

AN OLD BOY.

That Naughty Napoleon.

We congratulate the *Independent* on the fact that its correspondent has found a place of safety. Read the announcement:

"Our French Correspondent, writing from a nameless place in France (where the Emperor will not be likely to find him out,) gives the latest intelligence as to the position and prospects of public affairs on the Continent."

"Nameless place," is good. We think we see the correspondent in that nameless place far removed from the danger of Napoleon's interference, giving an account of what he is far removed from. Why, oh! why does not the *Independent*, like its contemporaries have its French correspondence writers at home. In the upper story of that Beekman Street publication office, we feel sure that the wicked Emperor would never find him out, and the correspondence would be much improved.

For the Marines.

Dr. Geo. B. Windship lifted on Friday with his hands, *eleven hundred and thirty-six pounds*, and is confident that within twenty days he can raise twelve hundred easily.—*Exchange.*

We cannot doubt the ability of this Windship, and his hands to raise even twelve hundred within twenty days. We once knew of a Steamship, the hands alone of which raised nearly two thousand pounds in half that time, and spent every penny of it with still greater celerity.

The Sex of "The Zouave."

C'est égal!

PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE (*who has called to see her friend Bridget*).—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any house the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. We've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

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Designed expressly for the Northern market—retains all its powers as a dentifrice—though greatly reduced in its stimulating properties—harmless to the enamel of the teeth; it imparts to them that peculiar brilliancy for which the ladies of Southern Europe are so justly celebrated. It needs but a single application to convince yourself of its merits.

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IT IS DISTILLED PROM THE BEST RYE AND MALT. and every Chemical test has demonstrated it to be perfectly pure. The Poisonous Element called "FUSIL OIL," which appertains to Brandy, Gin, and all other Alcohols, is entirely extracted by a process of distillation discovered and known only to the distiller; therefore it is the only stimulant perfectly inoxious. It becomes so thoroughly purified by the above process, and the flavor is thereby rendered so delicate and different from any other Whiskey, that a Diploma was awarded to the distiller by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society in 1859, for its perfectness.

The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
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State Assayer,
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